

On the Human Side

Just Like Hagenbeck's Circus!

THIS story, headline and all, is translated from a recent number of a Paris daily:

The "Munchner Neueste Nachrichten," the most popular newspaper in southern Germany, prints an article entitled, "Bei den gefangenen Franzosen am Lechfeld." The Munich journal recounts with great satisfaction and wealth of detail the manner in which French prisoners are treated in the Bavarian capital. It is a curious bit of literature, and an historical document that should not pass unnoticed.

The writer tells us that the French prisoners are confined in a sort of camp, the Lechfeld. For fear that they might get away, the Germans have surrounded the place with an insurmountable barrier of barbed wire. The public is admitted to the camp to enjoy the misery of these unfortunates—most of them, according to our Bavarian contemporary, "fought heroically in the war." "The admission price to this choice spectacle is fixed at 20 pfennigs."

Just like Hagenbeck's circus.

The "Munchner Neueste Nachrichten" adds that visitors are numerous, coming from both town and country, "a veritable migration recalling those of the middle ages."

It does in truth exactly portray the middle ages.

The Munich journal does not conceal the pleasure with which it views this exhibition. A German is carried into ecstasies at seeing Frenchmen of rank obliged to live in comradeship with Apache and other denizens of the Paris streets, and to eat with them out of the same bowl rations which can hardly be classed as delicacies. "And yet," adds the French translator, there are people who fear a Cossack triumph because forsooth it is feared that they would retard the world's civilization.

A Cossack's Revenge.

THE London Daily Chronicle's correspondent at Milan quotes from La Stampa of Turin a description of the Russian entry into Czernowitz, sent by its correspondent there.

On his arrival at the Town Hall Gen. Arintinoff addressed the city fathers, declaring Bukovina incorporated into the Russian Empire, and stated that the Russian soldiers would neither sack houses nor attack persons.

"But," he went on, "following the example of the Austrians, I am about to demand what their general, Daulann, exacted when he took possession of Kamenez Podolski. I impose upon this city 600,000 rubles to be consigned to me in gold or silver not later than 5 o'clock tomorrow afternoon. Should this sum not be forthcoming I shall have the big guns trained on the city and Czernowitz will be levelled to the ground."

The populace was terror-stricken, being well aware that such an exorbitant sum was unprocurable. The burgomaster, assessors, and priests began pressing the general for an abatement, urging that all the wealthier citizens had already fled with their valuable, but the Russian general only appeared to wax angrier, and he brought down his ponderous fist on the table, exclaiming:

"Nay, no compromise; that was the Austrian system. Why, at Kamenez Podolski my own daughter had to sacrifice every one of her jewels to save the city."

Finally, however, the burgomaster and aged archbishop prevailed on the general to lower the levy to 300,000 kronen.

The burgomaster lost no time in publishing a proclamation exhorting the population to pour in their cash

without delay, lest worse things befall them. Throughout the night the local authorities, civil and ecclesiastical, were busy collecting, and from early morning a ceaseless pilgrimage of the poorer folk passed through the Town Hall, depositing amid tears their scanty pence and trinkets. Humble Hebrews sacrificed even their ritual candelabra. Young women of the middle class shed all their jewelry, and the archbishop mustered 50,000 crowns' worth of silver ornaments from the sanctuary.

Noontide sped by, and the deficit was still considerable. The city magistrate resolved to force open the establishments of the goldsmiths and silversmiths who had sealed their premises and made their exodus.

Five o'clock sounded. The war indemnity had been realized and the careworn councillors with the burgo-master were ushered into the presence of Gen. Arintinoff.

"You're looking fagged," said the general.

"Aye, aye," said the ransom bringers mopping their brows, "but Heaven be thanked, we've just managed to scrape together the 300,000 Kronen."

Amid palpitating silence the Cossack chieftain looked them up and down and a grim smile overspread his visage.

"Enough!" ejaculated he at last. "I've no intention of taking this money. Take it back and redistribute it among your people. I wanted you all to experience something of the heartburnings that befell our Russian townsfolk at the taking of Kamenez Podolski."

Heroic Rabbi's Death.

HOW the heroic Rabbi of Lyons laid down his life on the battlefield while holding a crucifix before the eyes of a dying Roman Catholic soldier who took him for a priest is reported in the Jewish World of London.

The rabbi was in the midst of the fighting for the purposes of tending Jewish soldiers and bringing spiritual consolation to them. He was called to the side of a dying trooper who was a Roman Catholic. The trooper begged the rabbi, who, he seemed to think, was a priest, to exhibit before his eyes, that were closing in death, the symbol of his faith and to give him his blessing.

It was while holding a crucifix before the mortally wounded warrior and whispering to him words of comfort that the rabbi fell, a victim to a bullet from a German rifle.

Deleted by the Censor.

(CONTINUED) complaints by London newspapers have finally resulted in slight reforms in the office of the censors.

These officials have been holding up whole dispatches for a single sentence, but now owing to the efforts of newspapermen censors these offending or doubtful sentences are promptly deleted and the rest of the message instantly released. In spite of the new arrangements, however, some correspondents continue to suffer severely. I saw what had been a 2000 word telegram from a famous descriptive writer in France the other day. No one but the censor knows what it was about, for all that was left of it after the censor had finished his work, was the statement, "I speeded up my Rolls Royce motor car" repeated nine times.

Son's Transfer Came Too Late.

HOW a broken old German named Von Koenig, three of whose sons were killed in the invasion of France and a fourth shot in Prussia, pleaded successfully with the Kaiser for the life of the fifth and last in behalf of the aged mother, made nearly insane

by grief, only to learn that this one, too, was struck dead 10 minutes before the message arrived, is told by an eye witness.

The father of this broken family is himself a retired colonel of the German army. When he learned of the fate of his sons, he hurried to the Kaiser and begged that the remaining son be transferred to a point of safety.

Upon hearing the story, the Emperor was unstinted in his praise and straightway gave the order granting the request. The old colonel hurried joyously to where his son was stationed and sought out the general in command.

"Your son was killed in action 10 minutes ago," he was told.

British Soldier Gets Iron Cross.

DURING the recent fighting the German troops, after a fierce charge, retreated, carrying all their wounded except one man. A British officer, who went out to bring in the wounded soldier, was himself wounded, but managed to drag the German soldier to shelter, where later both were picked up by a German ambulance.

As a reward for his bravery and humanity, the British officer received the Iron Cross from the German commanding officer. He was sent back to his own trenches, where he was recommended for the Victoria Cross, but succumbed to his injuries.

Reporter Forced Prince to Resign.

THE manner in which an obscure journalist started the agitation that forced Prince Louis of Battenburg to resign his post as first sea lord of the British admiralty has recently come to light in London. This attack took the form of a declaration that the suspicion of Prince Louis, on the ground that he is a German, was quite unfounded. There was no suspicion of Prince Louis, who was one of the most capable officers in the navy, and had been in the British service for 45 years, having surrendered his German nationality even earlier than that. The journalist wound up his article by hypocritically suggesting that in spite of the fact that Prince Louis is the best man for the place, it would be better in his own interest if he resigned. A day or two after this article appeared a ridiculous canard was set afloat by the rumor factory that Prince Louis had been arrested and locked up in the tower for instructing Sir Berkley Milne to allow the Goeben and the Breslau to escape in the Mediterranean. Of course no one thinks that the writer of the article referred to was responsible for the rumor, but there is little doubt that the article set the tongues of other irresponsible people wagging. Now for the origin of it all. It is reported that many years ago when Prince Louis was a captain he ordered the journalist off his ship, where he had no right to be, and that the man had cherished a grudge ever since then.

Irishman's Romance Saved Regiment.

A NEW story of the British encounter with the Prussian Guard was told today by a corporal of the Warwickshire regiment who is now at home wounded. He said: "On the night the Guard attacked us around Ypres it was only by the merest chance and a bit of heroism that we were warned in time. There was an Irishman of the King's Liverpool Regiment who had gone out of bounds to visit a young woman whose home was off the line of attack."

"Coming back late he stumbled on some Germans stealing quietly toward our position. Without a thought of himself, but only con-

cerned for the safety of his comrades, he dashed toward the spot where he knew our guard to be, to give the alarm. The Germans spotted him and a cavalry patrol was at his heels instantly. He had a good start, but toward the end he was hit in both legs. He got through with the warning and is now in the hospital getting well. He doesn't know whether he will get a medal or a 'wiggie' for being out of bounds, but he's hoping for the best."

No Romance in War.

A FRENCHMAN, who came from Montmartre, found a Luxembourg geologist lying within a yard of him, whom he had known as a messenger in a big hotel in Paris. The young German wept to see his old acquaintance.

"It is stupid," he said, "this war. You and I were happy when we were good friends in Paris. Why should we have been made to fight with each other?" He died with his arms around the neck of the soldier who told me the story, unashamed of his own tears.

"I could tell a score of tales like this," says the French author who writes this incident, "stories told to me by men whose eyes were still haunted by the sight of these things; and perhaps one day they will be worth telling, so that people of little imagination may realize the meaning of this war and put away false heroics from their lips. It is dirty business, with no romance in it for any of those fine young Frenchmen I have learned to love, who still stay in the trenches on the frontier lines or march a little way into Lorraine and back again."

Soldier Saved by Crucifix.

A YOUNG lance corporal of the King's royal rifles, who is recovering from a bullet wound in his knee, owes his life to a crucifix which he picked up in an empty house where he was billeted.

During an engagement a few days later many of the corporal's comrades were killed by bullets which were almost spent. The young corporal was hit in the knee and later found when taken to a hospital that one of the spent bullets had also passed completely through his knapsack, but had been deflected from his body by the crucifix, one of the arms of which had been broken off by the bullet.

Private W. Hinton of the first east lancers poses as the luckiest man in the army. He was hit by three bullets within a minute without serious injury. One bullet flattened five rounds of ammunition in his belt. Another smashed the magazine of his rifle and a third passed through his cap.

England's German Kings.

A GERMAN accent, like a German name, is at a discount in England. But what would have been the feeling if war had come during the reign of Queen Victoria or of Edward VII? Queen Victoria liked German above any other language, and made its use one of her household, or at any rate nursery, laws. Edward VII. spoke it as fluently as he spoke English, and only when George V. came to the throne was there a complete divorce between the English court and the Kaiser's native tongue.

"I don't like it, and I'll never learn it," was his majesty's boyish way of meeting the family persuasions; and though to some extent he had to give way before parental pressure, he never got on to really good terms with a language for which he had an instinctive dislike. King George understands German perfectly, but it happens that he is the first of a long line of English kings to speak it imperfectly.